

"LET 'ER BUCK," BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

(Continued from Page 10)

with such a desperate fighter even though imprisoned, they left one man, Dick Patterson, to guard him while four of them Hart, Owens, Rathle and Lingren having the keys, entered the sheriff's office. Lingren lit out at once for fresh air. Led by Owens and determined to escape at all cost, the others immediately began ransacking the office. Revolvers were secured at once but not the ammunition, which it had always been the sheriff's habit to keep hidden.

"Papers, books, everything was being strewn all over the place in their hurried search and it was upon this scene that Till Taylor and Guy Wyrick, a close personal friend, unexpectedly entered, returning from their ride.

"There was no time to draw a gun; Taylor grappled Owens, the biggest of the three and threw him to the floor; while Wyrick, who was ably handling Hart, was struck from behind by Rathle whom he turned. The two men fell fighting to the floor.

"Then, too, lay the sheriff's gun which had dropped from his holster in his hand-to-hand fight. With a honno, Hart, now free, snatched it and in response to Owens' call to shoot, raised the gun. The sheriff, releasing one hand from his grip on Owens, with remarkable quickness again grabbed the gun barrel in time to divert the shot.

"Shoot him again," commanded Owens, as the two men locked in a struggle for life or death.

Drawing the gun down to Taylor's head he fired again, the bullet entering the sheriff's chest just below the throat.

"Guy, I'm shot," gasped the fatally wounded man as he crumpled to the floor.

"With the muzzle of his gun and a threat to kill, Hart forced Wyrick to release Rathle, then again drawing on Taylor, cursed them both and demanded the location of the ammunition but received no response. Again he threatened to fire when Wyrick shouted, 'You wouldn't shoot a man when he's down, would you?'

Taylor, realizing he was fatally wounded, in order to save Wyrick told the men where the cartridges were. The effort was a severe one for the dying sheriff and he asked for water. After some debate in which no little cursing figured, it was brought to him by one of the men, while Wyrick under the muzzle of a gun assisted him as much as possible, placing him on a bed in an adjoining room. Meanwhile the other two desperadoes searched for a full supply of revolvers and ammunition.

"What is the trouble?" asked R. E. Phelps, county road master who hearing the noise ran up to the sheriff's office.

"Just a little jail riot," answered Anderson, standing at the jail door, and whom Phelps did not recognize as a prisoner.

"Everything all right now?" queried Phelps.

"All right," came back from the adjoining room.

"Let's go," shouted Owens. Patterson, leaving Martin, joined the others, now all armed with loaded revolvers, and the five lit out, heading for the railroad tracks. Here one of them

strange coincidences we call Fate seemed to favor them—a freight train, an extra, which was promptly jumped, was just leaving the city, east bound for the Blue Mountains.

Wyrick, caring for the fatally wounded sheriff under cover of a gun until the five men fled, immediately upon their departure telephoned for a doctor. Phelps, however, had been suspicious, but being unarmed, walked slowly away until out of sight, then speedily notified the chief of police who gun in hand, rushed to the jail to find the birds flown.

A Tragic Sunday

"The word passed by mouth and phone. It was a rude awakening which aroused the slumbering little city from its Sunday siesta. The quiet, empty, hot streets immediately became spotted with little groups of people talking, at first in subdued tones. Then came the second word—"The jail's broke—Till's murderers have made a getaway."

"Then the storm burst. People scurried to and fro, autos shot down the street, up street, and across street. Telegraph wires were hot with messages to head off the prisoners, or asking for information. Determined men, with mouths set and eyes steady, went quietly but quickly to their homes and loaded their rifles. Hardware stores were unlocked and their owners, with a wave of the hand toward the gun-racks, told the man-hunters to help themselves. Deputies, headed by the released Martin, took charge and the entire surrounding country was notified.

"Wild rumors and groundless clues of the fight were plentiful, but the first clue came from the brakemen on the west bound extra. They had seen five men drop off the freight at Mission, six miles east of Pendleton, and make for the brush near the river. Poses, hastily organized, struck out in every direction, but when it was known a clean get-away had been made, returned for definite orders and found that Sheriff Taylor was dead.

"Following the clue, armed to the teeth, they shot out in cars. One large posse thoroughly searched the wheat-field and brush at Mission. Lingren the first to skip out and who had no hand in the fight had evidently boarded the same freight and was shortly captured about 12 miles from Pendleton, at Cayuse.

"In less than 10 hours he was again behind the bars but gave absolutely no information as to the whereabouts of the five other fugitives. Evidence was obtained later, however, which proved that the posse were within 10 yards of where they were.

"Blood hounds from the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, 19 miles away, were rushed to the scene; all points on the railroads were carefully guarded, mountain cabins were notified and the hunt re-organized. Twilight found over 100 men at Mission with the hounds in leash. They stalked the fugitives throughout the night, the largest posse, whipping one long canyon, saw daylight on Cabbage Hill in the foothills of the Blue Mountains 15 miles away.

"Here they found that the meat house of a construction camp had been robbed. Cheese, sausage, and dried

codfish had been carried away. In a muddy spot at the spring nearby a tell-tale foot-print was identified by one of the posse as corresponding to that of a shoe worn by Owens. Thus was the first clue obtained and bloodhounds were placed on the scent.

"The heavy brush in the deep canyons and the extreme dryness of the rocky hills greatly hampered the hounds. When the trail was hottest, a hurry call came from 30 miles west of Pendleton, requesting all available men to help close in the fugitives who had been surrounded. There was no time to debate the matter, and much against the will of the officer in charge of the dogs, the whole party of man-hunters was streaking down the mountain toward Pendleton. The report proved false and the chase was again up in the air.

"The courthouse in Pendleton now saw the hunters gathered in and new plans were systematically laid, maps of creeks, canyons, springs, cabins and every possible point where the desperadoes might go were made; stations were established at all points and telephones taken to them from which reports were phoned hourly. W. R. Taylor, 'Jinks' Taylor to those who knew him, brother of the murdered sheriff, a prominent rancher of the county, was appointed by the court to fill the unexpired term of his brother, while posters announced a total reward of \$5,000 for the capture of the fugitives, dead or alive. Invaluable assistance in the planning and organizing was rendered by two additional Oregon experts in this line of work, Asa Thompson of Echo and E. B. Wood of Portland.

"The search was now re-planned in a scientific manner. All traffic was stopped through the country; business houses closed down and allowed their employees to join the posse; sheriff, deputies, government detectives and railroad officials joined in the hunt. Indians of the Umatilla Reservation joined the friends of the dead sheriff as they rode horseback over the hills. "We on all possible trails scouts were placed.

"Not until after four days of exhaustive effort did any of the posse get within sight of the outlaws; then two men were seen at a distance and shots exchanged. Reports of various robberies committed in the nearby cabins indicated that the fugitives were in the vicinity, and after three days of the hardest trailing, sometimes by tracking, sometimes with the aid of bloodhounds, over rocky hills and into deep canyons heavily masked with brush and almost impenetrable, a posse of Pendleton and La Grande men under Sheriff Lee Warnick came to a deserted campfire.

"Reaching a telephone they notified a posse from La Grande on the other side of the mountain to head the bandits off. In response the La Grande posse, scouring the hills for isolated sheep camps, came upon the darkened tent of a French sheep-herder, who lay soundly sleeping in the dark and obscure interior.

"Hart and Owens taken forward a moment and old Jackson peeked over his saddle horn when they went to hook his halter rope to make sure that it was snapped in the lower and proper ring of the halter, then looked at Lee Caldwell, who stepping nearer, sized it up and nodded. Old

"When the blindfold was pulled off the big bay pivoted twice and then seemed nearly to reach heaven in a series of long, high jumps of the kind which have spelled defeat for many a rider.

"Sundown dug his spurs into Angel's shoulders, stuck them into his flanks, and then clamped down on the third jumps as Caldwell has advised. Once set, he then goaded him to his worst. It was a superb figure, beautifully proportioned, narrow

waisted and riding like a centaur; his hat, bound with its shimmering, silken colored handkerchief, swung out and down at every leap; poised for an infinitesimal fraction of a second seemed to be in mid-air.

"Carbines were quickly unlimbered. Flashlights lit up the scene and before they could awaken from their deep slumber, the two sleepers were roughly jerked to their feet in no uncertain manner. There stood Owens and Hart.

"Search 'em, and as they went thoroughly and quickly through the captives, a big gun slipped from Owens' holster and fell to the ground. With the quickness of a cat he reached for it, and as he stooped to seize it he ran plumb against a rifle which one of the possemen jammed square in his face.

"Move another inch and I'll shoot you dead in your tracks," he threatened.

"To hell with you; shoot and be damned," muttered Owens but shoved his hands up as the gun came into play.

"Half-starved and exhausted from their flight over the mountains, cheeks sunken from loss of food and sleep, feet bruised and blistered from six days of incessant hiking, the two were then with scant ceremony bound together hand and foot.

"Thus, after six days of trailing foot-prints and following with bloodhounds over some of the roughest kind of country, the two most desperate of the quintette were caught like rats in a trap, in a lone sheep-herder's cabin six miles east of Toll Gate on the top of the Blue Mountains."

Two other of the "thrillers" in Colonel Furlong's book are the stories of the rides of Jackson Sundown and Lee Caldwell, great riders of bucking bronks. In his story of Sundown, Colonel Furlong says, in part:

"Of all the riders of the Amerindian race, none have ever ridden into such popularity at the Round-Up as Jackson Sundown, the Nez Perce, of Cullisac, Idaho, nephew of Chief Joseph. He is the only Indian who ever wrested the most coveted cowboy and Indian trophy—the Round-Up prize bucking contest saddle and money for the championship of the world. This Sundown did in 1916, making a most sensational ride on Angel. It is interesting to mention in connection with two bucking champions of the Red and Paleface races, Caldwell and Sundown, that the great outstanding features were the clear headedness in out-thinking and out-enduring their horses. The secret lay primarily in the unusual care each took of his health. Caldwell weighed in at about 155 pounds. He had always adhered to early regular hours, avoided over-indulgence of any kind and intelligently considered his diet and long runs had been a part of his training program. Sundown weighed in at about the same, was married and happy, had never touched either liquor or tobacco and made his championship ride at fifty years of age.

"Angel was saddled.

"In true Indian style, the Nez Perce swung gracefully into his saddle from the right side. He watched with the slight suspicion of his race every movement of the white grangers for fear they might be 'gypping' him. His figure, straight as an arrow, leaned

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(Continued on Page 15)